

NOTE TO TURNER.

The full story of the Golden Bough is translated in that delightful "Age of Fable" (Bulfinch) at the close of Chapter XXXI. The story is told by Virgil when Æneas, desiring to visit the abode of the dead in order to confer with his father Anchises, asks assistance of the Sibyl. She told him that he must find in the forest a tree on which grew a golden branch; if he was to be allowed by the Fates to enter Avernus, the branch would yield to his hand, but otherwise no force could rend it away. If he succeeded in plucking the branch, it was to be carried as a gift to Proserpine. —M. E. DAVIS.

SOME BOOKS.

"An Outline of British History," by A. D. Innes. 4s. 6d. (Rivington.)

This is a school book, and covers much ground in a small space, but is interesting in that it is a history of Britain, not of only England. It is divided into three parts: I. The England of Elizabeth's age, showing how the British Empire began to come into existence; II. The growth of the Empire in Canada, Australia, and other parts of the world; III. The present position of the Colonies as to commerce, government, etc.

"Brittany and the Bretons," by G. W. Edwards. 18s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

A book of travel by an American author, the result probably of many visits. Full of ancient ceremonies and folklore most sympathetically described; it has also many delightful illustrations.

"Biographical Dictionary of Literature." 1s. (Everyman Library.)

This is probably well known to most students, but well worth recommending as a very useful, cheap, handy book of

reference, including all English and Colonial writers from the earliest times till the very present time.

"Jeanne D'Arc," by M. Gabriel Hanotaux. 7 fr. 50 c. (Hachette.)

A most interesting life, culled from original manuscripts and illustrated by quaint woodcuts. The object of the book is to give a true picture of Europe in the Middle Ages.

"La Douce France," by M. René Bazin.

Written for French children, full of history, legends, old customs, etc., and to be enjoyed by young and old.

MISSION WORK IN PARAGUAY.

(With apologies for late appearance.—ED.)

I think some of the readers of L'UMILE PIANTA may be interested to hear about an Indian Mission which has been started here recently by a lay missionary, Mr. Barbrooke Grubb, who has lived for twenty-five years among the savages of the Paraguayan Chaco. He learnt their language and lived amongst them as one of themselves. At first, they regarded him with suspicion, and many times decided to kill him; but by degrees he gained their confidence, and has succeeded in civilising one part, and taught them to cultivate the land, and to a certain extent live as citizens, with a mayor, police, etc., and has even started a savings bank. Originally their language was merely a spoken one; now he has written it and translated most of the Bible and some of the services in the Prayer Book. He has taught them self-government, and he hopes to start a similar mission here, amongst the 6,000 Indians—Tobas, Chiriguano, and Matacos—who come here from various parts of the Argentine and Bolivian Chacos to work in the sugar harvest. They stay for about six months with their wives and children, thus affording an opportunity of getting at them easily. Also by gaining friendship with, and influence over, the tribes here, it will be possible to

accompany them to their homes in the interior, and thus establish Christianity in the heart of their country.

As crop time approaches the various tribes arrive. Several plots of ground are set apart for them, and the day after their arrival you will find an Indian village has sprung up like a mushroom—hundreds of beehive-shaped huts made of branches of trees and the leaves of the sugar-cane. The villages are rather picturesque, but the Indians have a strong objection to being looked at or photographed. Sometimes there is a tribal fight on Sundays, their holiday, and it is necessary to employ a detachment of Argentine soldiers to keep the peace while they are here. One tribe worships the moon, and on bright moonlight nights you may hear the weird sound of chanting hymns to the moon; and if you can manage to stealthily get near enough to see, you can watch the dance, which is a part of their religious rites.

The Chiriguano wear a large stud (tembetta) in their under lip. The head of the stud is generally ornamented with blue beads, or little bits of blue china, and the under part, which is very large, is of lead. The Toba stains his face a brilliant scarlet, thus giving himself a hideous appearance. They all wear very little clothing—the women fold a wide bit of bright-coloured cloth round their waists, and the children are generally nude.

Their work here is cane-cutting, and they are not paid in money, but in knives, cloth, shawls, buttons, etc.; and if they prefer saving their wages from week to week, they can have mules at the end of their time.

Their principal food here is the sugar cane, which they chew, and each is allowed two canes a day.

It is a two months' journey back to their native places, and unless they have mules they go on foot, the women carrying their babies on their hips and backs, and any household utensils they possess, the men stalking on in front by way of protecting them. They generally walk one behind the other.

Mr. Barbrooke Grubb hopes to form a township of 1,000

Indians here, and Messrs. Leach Bros. have given land, houses, garden plots and buildings for a church and school. A clergyman, linguist, doctor and nurse are coming from the Paraguayan Mission to work; also some Lenguas (another Indian tribe) sufficiently advanced and staunch in the Christian faith to act as native evangelists to their own people. It is hoped that these Indian tribes may in time become a settled, hard-working Christian people, able to take their proper place in the development of the Argentine, and to withstand the many temptations offered them by the advancement of civilisation.

RAFFIA-WORK.

This is the name generally given to the North-American industry of basket-making, as practised by the Red Indians. The work is very easy, and to my mind far more suitable for children's fingers than the ordinary cane basket-work, which, to give really satisfactory results, requires far more strength than the little fingers of children generally possess. The only materials necessary are raffia and large-eyed, *strong* rug or tapestry needles, which should not be more than two inches long. The raffia may be obtained very cheaply from Messrs. Arnold & Son, Leeds, price 1s. per lb. natural colour, or 2s. per lb. coloured, postage extra. The Indian colours, blue, orange, and purple, are very pretty.

To learn the work, one may obtain a book on "Raffia-work, or Indian Basketry," for 2d. from any fancy-work shop. It is published either by Weldon's or the Manchester School of Art Needlework. Needless to remark, the first part of the book (dealing with the hairpin-work, etc.) is *not* what I recommend, but for some unaccountable reason the publishers have relegated the real Indian work to the last three or four pages! A little ingenuity is necessary in the matters of turning up, shaping, etc., as there are so few directions given in the book, but really it is extremely easy, and even small

children of 6 or 7 can do very nice work. There is no need to begin (as so many people do) by covering cardboard serviette rings, etc., the children can begin by making a tray or small basket.

I have made several baskets for bazaars, and have also been asked to take orders for them, as they are so charmingly made. Many people, I find, spoil their baskets by not sewing tightly enough; also, the foundation, or "padding," should be fairly substantial. Arnold's raffia is the cheapest and best I have yet found. If any one is moved to begin raffia-work, and finds any difficulty, I shall be pleased to give any help I can.

ELSIE R. TETLEY.

RAFFIA-WORK.

(From rough notes by a student.)

This is work done on canvas with raffia, coloured or plain. The materials and pattern books can be obtained from Messrs. William Owen Ltd., Westbourne Grove, London. Later on there will be partially worked patterns for sale, also completed articles, and the firm will be pleased to send a selection of these to any student to see, if she mentions that she is a member of the P.N.E.U., and will return the things in a day or two. It is a great help to see the finished specimens before starting work, as one can then decide what to attempt, designs can be copied, etc. Materials required:—

Plain canvas, about 60 in. wide, 3s. 11½d. per yard.

Coloured skeins of raffia, 1½d. each.

Natural raffia, 6d. per lb.

Pattern books as for cross-stitch, 2d., 8d.

Raffia needle.

Raffia can also be dyed at home with Dolly dyes.

Round handles to baskets, etc., are very effective when worked with different coloured strands of raffia, five or nine together. Any countryman or child who plaits straw at harvest time would show one how to do it, if the following directions are not clear.

Take five strands, knot them all together firmly at one end and arrange as a star, knot downwards, and the five strands radiating from it, holding the knot (and plait where there is any) between first and second fingers of the left hand. Call your strands (going clockwise) one, two, three, four, and five. Take number one, cross it over to the space between three and four; then take number *three* (leaving out number *two*) and cross it over to the space between four and five; then take number *five* and cross it over to the space between one and two, and so on, taking always the *next but one* to the strand you last took, and pulling all the strands firm and tight every time. If nine strands are used, observe exactly the same rules, being careful when crossing the strand over to the opposite space always to arrange an equal number of strands on each side of the space. Always work round clockwise.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM COLOMBO.

(With apologies for late appearance.—Ed.)

We started off in the car at 8 a.m. to go to one of Mr. S.'s tea and rubber estates, called Paradise. It is forty miles, and such a lot of new things I saw on the way—an elephant going along the road, pineapples growing by the wayside. We got there quite soon. There is no speed limit out of Colombo, and this car, a big, long-bodied Deasy, simply flies. The chauffeur is a native, and he stops at nothing. I'm beginning to get used to flying top-speed over all loose stones and rough places.

We spent the day at Paradise, very like the Highlands of Scotland, with palm-trees instead of birches, and went over the factory. There is a bungalow, like a Scottish shooting-box. We took food with us, and went round the estate in a bullock-cart. Heaps and heaps of tea grows all over the hillsides. They tapped some rubber trees for me to see how it was done. The rubber looks just like milk gently oozing

out into a little tin stuck in the tree below the place they cut. There were orange trees growing in the garden; they are always dark green, and much bigger than ours, and are not exported.

The Kandyan villages are better looking than those of the low country. We started back at 4.30. It was very pretty driving at night, with all the fireflies dancing.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have arrived. The Governor gave a reception at Queen's House to meet them, and I had an invitation. The Governor and Crown Prince and Princess stood on a carpet in the gardens to receive. We all shook hands with the Governor and bowed to the Germans. The Princess is not pretty: such an enormous mouth, and little brown eyes. I did not think her particularly gracious, but the general impression was, I think, favourable. She was dressed in a simple white frock, with light pink sash, and an enormous "merry widow" hat, most unfashionable! There were about 800 people there, and we all had tea in the garden. The dresses of some of the natives were so amusing, and the chiefs gorgeous.

The next day we motored to Kandy to see the Perchera, given in honour of the Prince and Princess. We started at 7.30 a.m., and eleven miles out of Colombo, without the slightest warning, the front right wheel simply flew straight off, and down went the car with a bang on that side, and the wheel rolled away and checked its mad career on the wall of a hut. It is seventy-two miles to Kandy, and we were two miles from a station, and the train had just left as we passed the station. The chauffeur, however, was equal to the occasion, and in less than an hour he had that wheel on, and we were off again, to my infinite surprise. About half-way a tyre burst, but we put on a Stepney in ten minutes and started on again; then about twenty miles out of Kandy an extraordinary thing happened: a fowl flew out of the hedge, quite suddenly, on to the glass screen, smashed it to atoms, flew through the car, and was picked up dead. Luckily the glass hurt no

one; it was $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and we were going a good pace. Personally, I felt safe then, for we had had our three accidents.

It is very hilly up here, about 6,000 feet. We came up an awful hill of three miles long, zigzagging with turns at acute angles, and a yawning precipice on one side, and such magnificent views.

The Prince and Princess were staying at the Governor's house here, and the performance was to march past them, in at one gate and out at another. There was a procession of thirty-five elephants, all dressed up in cloths and other things, and lots of tomtoms beating, and native dancers. The Prince and Princess came down on to the steps, and then all the elephants lined up and the people began their dances, not unlike cakewalks, some of them, and bits of the lancers. All the Kandyan chiefs were there, in their quaint costumes, with gold sort of tunics and hats, and their servants carrying gorgeous embroidered umbrellas over their heads. The Prince went for a ride on the tallest elephant, in front of the mahout, and all the English people cheered him as he got up. The Princess looked much prettier at night, in a pink evening frock and a little colour in her cheeks, and they were both talking and laughing with the chiefs, and seemed to be enjoying themselves. We waited to see the procession go back; they all carried lighted torches. The Perchera was a lovely experience.

To-day we have been to the Maligawa (Temple) of the Tooth. This is the most famous temple in the East for Buddhists. People come from all the Buddhist places here on pilgrimages. You go right inside to the sanctum sanctorum, and there, in a wrought gold and jewelled case, is the sacred tooth of Buddha. Only Royalties and great people are allowed to see the case opened, but Mr. S. knows the Buddhist priests, so all the pilgrims were kept back while the curtain was drawn behind us, and we were shown the jewels in the casket by the aid of tiny candles. The Buddhist priests everywhere dress in yellow silk, and shave their heads. Their

silk things are very plain, thrown around just like togas. The priest who was receiving the offerings when we went asked who I was. In front of the casket are lovely sweet-smelling flowers on trays, the offerings of the people. From there we went on to the Museum, and saw the most lovely brass and silver work, and thence to Dunewille's, a Kandyan chief, to see the elephants in the water. There were five all bathing, lying on their sides, and squirting the water over themselves. They bathe every day in the Mahawalla Gunga from two till five. Later, we went to the Botanical Gardens, beautifully laid out, and with very fine orchid houses. We went on from there to Lady Blake's Walk, a very pretty road, with the Mahawalla Gunga below, and wooded slopes, just like North Wales, and the river tearing down after the rains.

The next day we had to come back to Colombo by train. Never in my life have I seen such magnificent views as those you get from the railway coming back from Kandy. For miles and miles and miles you can see over jungle and hill and valley and rocks, cocoanut trees and talipot palms and banana trees and choufleur trees. I have never seen any view to compare with it for magnificence. Mr. S. says it is said to be the finest view in the world. The man who built that railway ought to be immortalised. Later, we saw Adam's Peak, a dark peak emerging from banks of clouds.

G. F. K. WILKINSON.

LITERARY EVENINGS.

After reading that most inspiring article on "Poetry," by W. (how we all wish writers were not so bashful about their names), I thought perhaps an account of our literary evenings might be interesting.

They were inaugurated to "try and inculcate a love of poetry," or rather, perhaps, to keep alive what love there already was, and are carried out precisely like the Scale How

ones, even to being held on Tuesdays. Besides myself, there are three to write papers—my own pupil, aged 10½, and his two elder brothers, public-school day boys, their mother, and anyone else who is interested, make a point of joining us.

At first we each chose our own favourite poet or painter, but this term we are concentrating our attention on the period of history to be studied by Class III. (1789-1820).

Our first paper was a short review of the state and ideals of the literature of that time, after which we read the best works of lesser writers to whom we shall not be able to devote a whole evening. Thus we heard Campbell's "Mariners of England," and "Battle of the Baltic," the best of Moore's Irish Melodies, Burns' "To a Daisy" and "To a Mouse," as marking the change in subject (from man to nature) then setting in, etc. Our eight remaining evenings will be spent with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Scott, a musical evening with Beethoven forming a grand finale.

A programme is drawn up at the beginning of the term so that we all know what we have to do. Only a short life history is given as a rule, in order that the best part of our hour may be spent on the poetry itself. Opinions are freely expressed on poet and poem alike, though I have noticed that appreciation is mainly marked by silence.

Whether, as W. asks, these boys get from poetry all that it has to offer, I dare not say, but I do know that Literary Evenings are hailed with no opposition (an excellent sign), and spare moments are gladly used in reading up necessary articles, etc., to add to the writer's knowledge.

M. E. DAVIS.